ISIS.

AN

ELEGY.

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I S I S.

AN

E L E G Y.

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17

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ELEGY.

Written in the Year 1748,

By Mr. *MASON*.

Ω ΔΥΣΤΗΝΟΣ
ΤΙ ΠΟΥ ΟΥ ΔΗ ΠΟΥ
ΕΓ ΛΠΙΣΤΟΥΣΑΝ ΤΟΙΣ ΒΑΣΙΛΕΙΟΙ
ΣΙΝ ΑΓΟΥΣΙΝ ΝΟΜΟΙΣ
ΚΑΙ ΕΝ ΑΦΡΟΣΥΝΗ ΚΑΘΕΛΟΝΤΕΣ.

SOPHOCLES in Antig.

LONDON:

Printed for R. DODSLEY at Tully's Head in Pall-Mall, and Sold by M. COOPER in Pater-noster Row.

MDCCXLIX.

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Advertiſement.

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Advertisement.

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ISIS.

FAR from her hallow'd grot, where mildly bright
The pointed cryſtals ſhot their trembling light,
From dripping moſs where ſparkling dew-drops fell,
Where coral glow'd, where twin'd the wreathed ſhell,
Pale *Iſis* lay; a willow's lowly ſhade
Spread it's thin foliage o'er the penſive maid;
Clos'd was her eye, and from her heaving breaſt
In careleſs folds looſe flow'd her zoneleſs veſt;
While down her neck her vagrant treſſes flow
In all the awful negligence of woe;

Her

Her urn ſuſtain'd her arm, that ſculptur'd vaſe
Where *Vulcan*'s art had laviſh'd all it's grace;
Here, full with life was heav'n-raught Science ſeen,
Known by the laurel wreath and muſing mein:
There cloud-crown'd Fame, here Peace ſedate and bland,
Swell'd the loud trump, and wav'd the olive wand;
While ſolemn domes, arch'd ſhades, and viſta's green
At well-mark'd diſtance cloſe the ſacred ſcene.

On this the Goddeſs caſt an anxious look,
Then dropt a tender tear, and thus ſhe ſpoke:
Yes, I cou'd once with pleas'd attention trace
The mimic charms of this prophetic vaſe;
Then lift my head, and with enraptur'd eyes
View on yon plain the real glories riſe.

Yes,

Yes, *Iſis!* oft haſt thou rejoic'd to lead
Thy liquid treaſures o'er yon fav'rite mead,
Oft haſt thou ſtopt thy pearly car to gaze,
While ev'ry Science nurs'd it's growing bays;
While ev'ry Youth with fame's ſtrong impulſe fir'd,
Preſt to the goal, and at the goal untir'd,
Snatch'd each celeſtial wreath to bind his brow
The Muſes, Graces, Virtues cou'd beſtow.

E'en now fond Fancy leads th' ideal train,
And ranks her troops on Mem'ry's ample plain;
See! the firm leaders of my patriot line,
See! SIDNEY, RALEIGH, HAMDEN, SOMERS ſhine.
See HOUGH ſuperior to a tyrant's doom
Smile at the menace of the ſlave of Rome.

Each ſoul whom truth cou'd fire, or virtue move,
Each breaſt ſtrong panting with it's country's love,
All that to *Albion* gave the heart or head,
That wiſely councell'd, or that bravely bled,
All, all appear; on me they grateful ſmile,
The well-earn'd prize of every virtuous toil
To me with filial reverence they bring,
And hang freſh trophies o'er my honour'd ſpring.

Ah! I remember well yon beachen ſpray,
There ADDISON firſt tun'd his poliſh'd lay;
'Twas there great *Cato*'s form firſt met his eye,
In all the pomp of free-born majeſty.
" My Son, he cry'd, obſerve this mein with awe,
" In ſolemn lines the ſtrong reſemblance draw;

" The

" The piercing notes ſhall ſtrike each *Britiſh* ear,
" Each *Britiſh* eye ſhall drop the patriot tear ;
" And rous'd to glory by the nervous ſtrain,
" Each Youth ſhall ſpurn at ſlav'ry's abject reign,
" Shall guard with *Cato*'s zeal *Britannia*'s laws,
" And ſpeak, and act, and bleed, in freedom's cauſe."

The Hero ſpoke, the Bard aſſenting bow'd,
The lay to liberty and *Cato* flow'd ;
While Echo, as ſhe rov'd the vale along,
Join'd the ſtrong cadence of his *Roman* ſong.

But ah ! how Stillneſs ſlept upon the ground,
How mute Attention check'd each riſing ſound ;

Scarce ſtole a breeze to wave the leafy ſpray,
Scarce trill'd ſweet *Philomel* her ſofteſt lay,
When LOCKE walk'd muſing forth; e'en now I view
Majeſtic Wiſdom thron'd upon his brow,
View Candour ſmile upon his modeſt cheek,
And from his eye all Judgment's radiance break.
'Twas here the ſage his manly zeal expreſt,
Here ſtript vain Falſhood of her gaudy veſt;
Here Truth's collected beams firſt fill'd his mind,
E'er long to burſt in bleſſings on mankind;
E'er long to ſhow to reaſon's purged eye,
That "NATURE'S FIRST BEST GIFT WAS LIBERTY."

Proud of this wond'rous ſon, ſublime I ſtood,
(While louder ſurges ſwell'd my rapid flood)

Then

Then vain as *Niobe*, exulting cry'd,
Iliſſus! roll thy fam'd *Athenian* tide;
Tho' *Plato*'s ſteps oft mark'd thy neighb'ring glade,
Tho' fair *Lycæum* lent it's awful ſhade,
Tho' ev'ry *Academic* green impreſt
It's image full on thy reflecting breaſt,
Yet my pure ſtream ſhall boaſt as proud a name,
And *Britain*'s *Iſis* flow with *Attic* fame.

Alas! how chang'd! where now that *Attic* boaſt?
See! *Gothic* Licence rage o'er all my coaſt.
See! Hydra Faction ſpread it's impious reign,
Poiſon each breaſt, and madden ev'ry brain.
Hence frontleſs crouds that not content to fright
The bluſhing *Cynthia* from her throne of night,

Blaſt

Blaſt the fair face of day; and madly bold,
To Freedom's foes infernal orgies hold;
To Freedom's foes, ah! ſee the goblet crown'd,
Hear plauſive ſhouts to Freedom's foes reſound;
The horrid notes my refluent waters daunt,
The Echoes groan, the Dryads quit their haunt;
Learning that once to all diffus'd her beam,
Now ſheds by ſtealth a partial private gleam,
In ſome lone cloiſter's melancholy ſhade
Where a firm few ſupport her ſickly head;
Deſpis'd, inſulted by the barb'rous train,
Who ſcour like *Thracia*'s moon-ſtruck rout the plain,
Sworn foes like them to all the Muſe approves,
All *Phœbus* favours, or *Minerva* loves.

Are

Are theſe the ſons my foſt'ring breaſt muſt rear?
Grac'd with my name, and nurtur'd by my care,
Muſt theſe go forth from my maternal hand
To deal their inſults thro' a peaceful land,
And boaſt while Freedom bleeds, and Virtue groans,
That "*Iſis* taught Rebellion to her Sons?"
Forbid it heav'n! and let my riſing waves
Indignant ſwell, and whelm the recreant ſlaves,
In *England*'s cauſe their patriot floods employ,
As *Xanthus* delug'd in the cauſe of *Troy*.
Is this deny'd? then point ſome ſecret way
Where far far hence theſe guiltleſs ſtreams may ſtray,
Some unknown channel lend where nature ſpreads
Inglorious vales and unfrequented meads,

There where a Hind ſcarce tunes his ruſtic ſtrain,
Where ſcarce a Pilgrim treads the pathleſs plain
Content I'll flow; forget that e'er my tide
Saw yon majeſtic ſtructures crown its ſide;
Forget that e'er my wrapt attention hung
Or on the Sage's or the Poet's tongue,
Calm and reſign'd my humbler lot embrace,
And pleas'd prefer oblivion to diſgrace.

FINIS.